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MONODY

ON

Certain Members of the "Press Club."

(BELIEVED TO BEAR DATE ABOUT A.D. 1900.)

BY

CHARLES J. PETERSON.

PHILADELPHIA.

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McMICHAEL.

Beneath this gray marble reposes McMICHAEL.

Ah ! souls such as his come but once in a cycle !

If he chose to be merry, how happy his hits ;

Even fools, magnetized, sparkled out into wits.

If graver things called him, the burning words came

Till the dullest blood warmed, till all hearts were a-flame.

“ This slab to his memory,” so reads the inscription,

“ Was raised in Spring Garden by penny subscription.”

KNOX.

Here lies lawyer KNOX (now I don't mean a pun),
Whether jurist, or statesman, his work was well done.
When he sat on the Bench, he'd the port of a king;
When he spoke at the stump, all the welkin would ring.
No foe ever met him but fled full of scars;
He was great in all courts, but was greatest at bars.
In that hour of gloom, when a traitorous brood
Sought the life of the land, how the knaves he withstood!
Not his namesake, when braving the fair and false queen,
Was grander in words, or was loftier in mien.
But alas! he'd one fault—may the Lord give him grace!—
Like FREAS, he thought Germantown quite a nice place.
Now peace to his ashes! Stop, stranger, and learn
That if Death gives hard knocks, he must take them in turn.

GODEY.

Underneath this Carrara, unsullied as snow,
(The railing of Lady's Books all in a row),
Sleeps GODEY, like Yorick, "of infinite jest ;"
He would hear all the stories, and then tell the best.
He was great at a rebus, lived free and lived fast,
Yet survived to fourscore, keeping Hale to the last.



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DOUGHERTY.

Here DOUGHERTY rests, and a worthier fellow
Ne'er fought at a fair, or on whiskey got mellow.
A "raal Oirish orator," last of the race,
With poetry, pathos, wit, "motions," and grace.
He'd a heart like a lion, he'd die for a friend ;
You might break his high spirit, it never would bend,
He had only one weakness, with that we'll forbear,
He always was late—he staid curling his hair.

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